

## **The Life, Sex and Death of Madam Justice Black**

My official title is the 'Private investigator'.

However in the reality I am an expert  
'blackmailer'.

Say what you want but the wealthy folks pay  
a lot of money for their indiscretion to  
remain sequestered. Sometimes my victims  
even prepared to name others for the  
blackmailing schema to endure.

In any event, I am not in the habit to reveal  
the secrets after I have been paid off.

However, you are now reading this story,

means I am dead. I have trusted this story to L. S. who promised to publish the narrative in the event of my death or enduring disappearance.

Here is the story. Nowadays the UK's secret service is no longer directly involved in shady operations. Instead they contract out the muddy jobs to the contracting agency that employs chronically unemployed, poorly educated or corrupted police officers to do the shadowy work.

I had been offered the vast amount of money to collect the compromising particulars about Justice Madam Black.

Madam Black had been demoted to Supreme Court. Since the secret service had not played any role in this appointment they could not demand the favours from Madam Black in her new position.

But if some compromising info comes across the Secret Service desk, they felt, it might encourage Madam Justice Black to be more accommodating. To gather the information on any judge is a very risky venture, but to spy on the Justice of Court who is brutally protected by the Freemason organization can have the ugly consequences.

But to quote the Americans colleagues: “The money talks the bullshit walks”. The sum they offered to pay could help my earlier retirement three times over. I knew the risks but could not turn down such opportune job.

My earlier effort to find anything of the merit for the blackmailing had proven to be futile.

The children of Madam Justice Black had seemed to be well behaved, never used drugs or associated with the shady friends and had been at home by nine p.m. through the entire month of the surveillance. The husband of Madam Justice Black worked as an engineer but had no bad habits and demonstrated to be a very family-oriented

man. The same had been observed about Madam Justice Black. I had got some unsubstantiated rumours that as the barrister she had affairs with one or two judges, but it had been over long time ago and there had been no extra marital affairs after her appointment as a Justice of the court.

Madam Justice Black had been born into a Jewish family and her original name was 'Yenta Swartz'. With the start of her legal career she had changed her name to the more palatable sound in her case the 'Swartz' became 'Black'.

There had been no unexploited way to gather the information on her but to bugging her house. To do it properly my expert needs at least a day to set up the equipment in her home. So I had arranged for Madam Justice Black to be invited to a judicial conference in Jacksonville Florida with all expenses paid appearance.

I have retained services of the Americans to organise the trip including the bugging of the hire car and the Hotel room. And once the British secret service freelancers approved the pending expenses the operation had swung into the action.

Who is in the right mind would not accept all expenses paid trip in the middle of the miserable British winter? Madam Justice Black had constructed some changes in her work calendar, organized for her husband and children to accompany her on this luxurious trip to Florida.

By the time she had returned from Florida I would have her house electronically wired so every movement in the house could have been recorded. But even before the family had returned home I received the phone call from the Americans claiming that they had

captured enough incriminating material on my target that would make my hair stand up. Initially I had been reluctant to credit them but when the digitally encrypted video had arrived, and after a few minutes of watching it I soon realized that I finally struck gold.

The first recording had been in the hired car. It would appear that the family had been returning from the Disney land trip. The Madam Justice Black had been driving. On the passenger seat near her was her 18 years old son, the husband and their 16 years old daughter were seated in the back seat. The husband had been reading some



book, the daughter seemed restless and finally revealed that she is bored. At this time the mother caught the eyes of her husband in the rear-view mirror and there appeared to be some sort of silent communication between them. He puts away his book and removes his glasses, then gently invites his daughter to put her head on his laps and proceeds gently stroking her hair and the face. In the few minutes the girl is completely relaxed and closed her eyes. The father's right hand unbuttoned his daughter's top and glides under her bra. While the left hand continued to gently stroke her hair, the right hand had

commenced softly massaging her nipple and squeezing the firm breast of the girl.

There was a dead silence in the car. After a while the girl had slightly spread her knees and the father's right hand left the girl's breast and slid into her shorts.

Undoubtedly the son sitting in the front observed the sex play in the back seat and become quietly excited. That had been noticed by his mother, Madam Justice Black. She smiled and reached over with her right hand inside her son's trousers with the other hand she continued to steer the car. In order

to help his mother to get a better grip of his dick he hastily unzipped the trousers.

At this time I had to push the stop button.

My brains refused to accept what my eyes had just witnessed. It took me a few minutes to arrange my faculties in order before I hit the play button.

Now the father had bent forward likely kissing his daughter on the lips, his left hand had now been softly squeezing the bra covering his daughter's breast. The middle finger of his right hand had now disappeared inside his daughter vagina playing with her clitoris. The daughter had been responding

to the motions of her clitoris by moving her pelvic front and back in thrusting movements. It had continued for another few minutes and abruptly the girl gave out a few quick breathing sounds and quietly curled into a ball. The father had pulled out his right hand but continued to stroke her hair with his left hand.

In the front seat the son responding to his mother yanking his dick had exploded with the sperm wetting his shirt even so the mother had quickly moved her hand to catch the shooting sperm, some of it had escaped. The son appeared drained and lapsed into the seat.

The trip continued in the complete silence.

When the car entered the car park of the hotel the mother asked the son to hand her some wet wipes. She parked the car.

Everyone had remedied their attire and they proceed to exit the car. I hit the stop button.

Had I been delighted with the tape? Rather not. I never had seen anything of that sort. I had enough material on Madam Justice Black to hand over to the secret service intermediary to collect the rest of my earnings.

But you certainly understand that this was not the last recording. Here is what had been recorded in the Hotel's room.

I will start from the frame when the son followed by his mother entered the bathroom. The boy had been naked, but the mother wore the short bathrobe. He turned on the shower, adjusting the temperature of the water. The mother had laid out the tooth brushes and emptied her cosmetics bag.

She looked up in the mirror and noticed her son in the shower waiting for her. She swiftly removed her bathrobe and stepped in to the small bath tub saying that she will wash her son back. She had hardly touched

the boy when he became sexually excited manifesting by protruding circumcised dick. Secretly, Madam Justice Black had been pleased that at her age she was still able to generate such sexual excitement in her son. She proceeded to soap up his dick extracting a few growling sounds out of him. But it has been a long day, the mother had been tired and wanted to go to bed. So she began aggressively jerking his dick to satisfy him sooner rather than later. May be because he was standing up under a shower the boy could not come. She decides to give a blow job, at the same time continuing to yank and squeeze his dick. It all had been

futile. Eventually she decided to let him to work on his orgasm, she bends over allowing him to penetrate from the behind. It had been a wise decision. After few moments the boy clinched her shoulder with both of his hands and with the incredibly fast pumping movements, not forgetting with his right hand feeling her breast until he eventually exploded pressing into her vagina all his dick and freezing in this position with the sperm shooting out of him. After this he barely could stand up. His mother set him on the side of the bath tub, soaped and washed his body. After the boy



left she had finally began washing herself, she appeared very pleased with herself.

I had switched to the video that had been recording in the room, while the mother and son were engaged in the shower. The daughter had been sitting on top of her farther, there was no sex, and they were engaged in some sort of lovely discussion.

The farther had been in his pyjama but the daughter had been wearing only the bra. His hands were on her thighs and occasionally playnfully he would push her away and she equally playfully would bend forward thrusting with her both hands on his chest. Eventually the conversation had melted

away and she crept forward towards her farther face, until her vagina touched his lips. There were no other words spoken. The father put his both hands under her thighs and adjusted her sitting position in the way that tongue could comfortably slide over her clitoris. It had been unbearable to watch this sexual act of the complete harmony and inconceivable pleasure of the farther and daughter. The daughter had completely relaxed and began wavering movement like a small tree swaying in the wind. The body of the father had been still except for his tongue and hands pressing on his daughter's back to allow him putting his

tongue in her vagina when he became tedious of sucking on her clitoris. This incredible sex act had continued for a while, the father patiently waiting for his daughter sexual satisfaction. She finally clinched orgasm and after a few seconds resting motionless she slid off her father and curled in the ball beside him.

When the son emerged from the bathroom, the father was stroking his daughter hair and motioned to his son not to wake his sister. After a short hesitation the son announced that is going to swim in the hotel pool before he goes to bed. Hearing this sister immediately perked up and asked for

the permission to go with him. The father had nodded agreeing. The kids were gathering their swimming gear when the mother, wrapped in the towel appeared from the bathroom. After she learned that the kids were on the way to the swimming pool she decided to join them and began putting on her bikini swimming suit. When the party had been ready to depart for the swimming pool, Madam Justice Black had caught her husband's lusting glimpse. She hesitated for the moment and then said to the kids to go ahead, promising to join them later.

The moment the door had shut behind the kids, her husband aggressively embraced his wife body, biting her and kissing her lips he swung her on the bed. Gone all his gentleness he used to satisfy his daughter, now he became a lion. Biting his wife neck, roughly sucking her nipples, biting her stomach, he flipped her around intensively now biting her shoulders and continues down to her thighs. The women must have enjoyed that adult sexual roughness as she had willingly swayed her body to accommodate the bites. His face came across her vagina and he deposited his thumb inside her while licking her clitoris.

After a while he stuck his index finger and curled it in a such way that he could feel uneven surface behind the clitoris, at the time his thumb had been in her arse with the tongue inside the vagina. It went for a long, long time until women screamed with ecstasy in the most telling sexual satisfaction. She pulled his face to her lips. Guiding his penis inside her, she crossed her legs, locking his penis inside. He began squeezing her thighs with his legs and after few second screamed out for the lasting evacuation of his sperm.

It was over, finally. I turned off the recording, sitting in a complete bewilderment.

Such video would subjugate Madam Justice Black for life. I felt I was in a terrible position. It exceeded all the boundaries of the blackmailing. The life of four people would be ruined, rightly or wrongly. In the morning I decided to pass to the secret service only the recording in the car.

Unfortunately, the secret service had the clandestine knowledge of the existence of the entire content. They had spiked my drink and while I remained unconscious they

had ransacked my flat until they have found all the original recordings and removed them.

They left behind two million pounds in cash. How can one hide such enormous amount in cash? Eventually I had converted the first million thru the Jewish diamond dealers. To hide the rest of the money had been a nightmare. I had no option but to secret the half million in cash in a vacuum tube that I had buried in the public park in London.

Almost two years had passed since then. I had travelled the world, successfully spending nearly 300 thousand pounds. I



never carried a luggage. I would buy anything I needed at the destination and then dump it there and do it all over again. It had been a very liberating subsistence without any permanent possessions.

But this all had to end one day. It ended sooner than I expected. I woke up in the Malaysian hotel to the news that Madam Justice Black family had been found dead, poisoned.

Here what I think could have happened.

The first version: the secret service threatened Madam Justice Black with the sex recordings to get her collaboration. She

refused, knowing that the release of such tape would eventually destroy the entire secret service. They realized that too and decided to get rid of the tapes and the family of Madam Justice Black.

The second version: Madam Justice Black refused to become a snitch for the secret service but fully realised that the existence of such tape would be eventually leaked and would cause the endless pain to her beloved family. Madam Justice Black decided to poison herself and the members of her family to put the end to it all.

Whatever had happened, the hunt is now after me, the last link between the tapes and them.

Of course if you are reading this they had caught up with me eventually. And this is another sad end of the life of another ordinary blackmailer.